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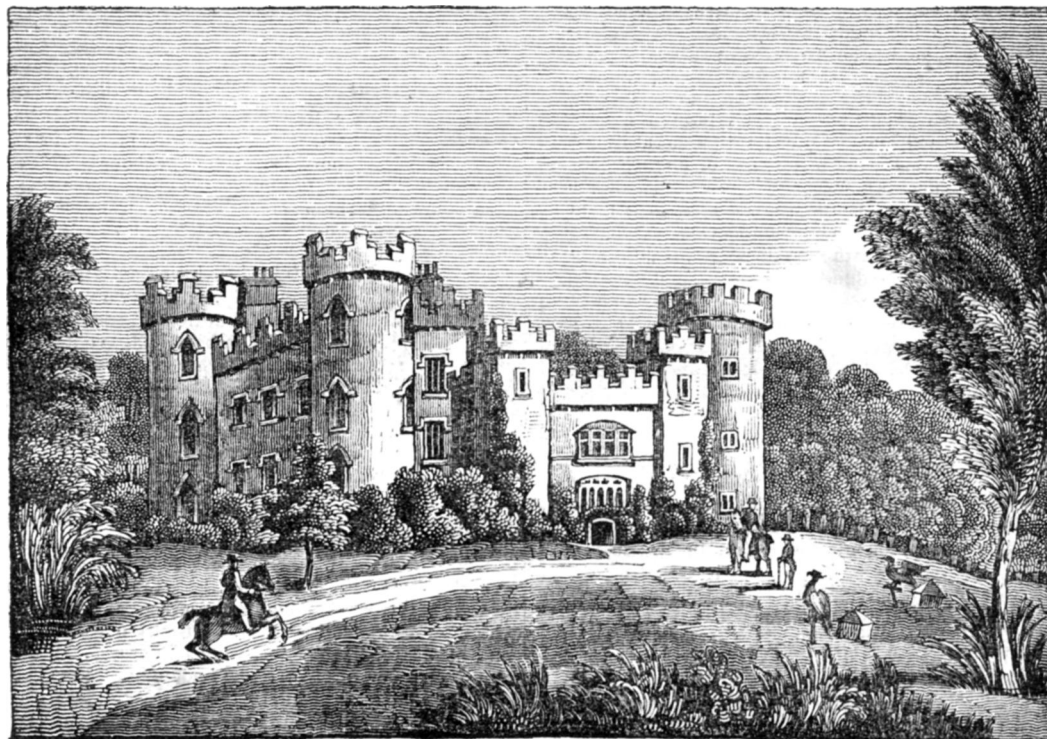
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are forked like a swallow; their back is black, with a ring of white near the tail; there is a white spot mixed with orange over the bill, which is black; they are web-footed, of a brownish colour; they lay their eggs under stones on the island, but sometimes on the crevices of rocks, where they are often washed away. Their eggs are about the size of a stare's egg, and speckled like a sparrow's. The bird will continue to sit on the eggs until the person who discovers them is within a few feet; and some of them, sooner than leave their eggs, have suffered themselves to be taken by the hand of the discoverer; but not until they have besmeared the person with a quantity of oil, which they discharge through their nostrils; they will pick at a person's hand when he is taking them. When my friend was lifting one of them off the nest he thought there was no eggs under her; the bird concealed the one she sat on under her right wing. None of the males come near the island, and though there are a great number of fe-

males on it, yet there is not one to be seen on the wing, or perched on the cliffs; it is only in the breeding season that they are to be seen, which happens between the middle of June, and the middle of August. The bird is well known to seamen as Mother Carey's chicken, but is called by the natives here, Martinoil, from its spouting a quantity of oil at the person that approaches; and they say they exist on a quantity of oil, which they find floating on the surface of the sea, a notion they so firmly believe, that all the naturalists in Europe would not make them think to the contrary; though the only ground they have for such a belief is that they see the bird skimming the surface of the water in search of the oil that is in the offals of the fish, which fishermen throw out of their boats when fishing at the sun fish bank.

T. N. for W. Mac—

*Cummemara.*



MALAHIDE CASTLE, COUNTY DUBLIN.

The castle of Malahide, the residence of the ancient family of Talbot, is scarcely surpassed in interest, arising from various sources, by any building in the county of which it forms a distinguished ornament. This structure, as it stood in the early part of the last century, was of contracted dimensions, and although surrounded by a moat, was not castellated. The various additions which now render it an object of considerable magnificence, and a capacious residence, suited to the exercise of a dignified hospitality, were chiefly carried into effect by the late Colonel Talbot, father of the present proprietor. The building, thus enlarged, is an extensive pile, of square proportions, flanked on the principal side by circular towers. A fine Gothic porch or chief entrance, has been constructed under the direction of the present owner of the castle, greatly to the advantage of the building, in regard both to external ornament and the convenience of the interior. The moat is now filled up, and its sloping surface covered with verdant sward. The demesne and gardens are disposed with much correctness of taste, and the former is enriched with some venerable timber and numerous plantations.

The interior of the mansion affords many objects of gratification. The apartment of greatest curiosity is wainscotted throughout with oak, elaborately carved in com-

partments, representing the history of Adam, and other scriptural subjects, some of which are executed with much skill: the chimney-piece is carved with peculiar beauty—having in the central division figures of the virgin and child. This figure of the virgin is the subject of a marvellous tradition among the rustics of Malahide: they assert that during the civil wars, whilst the castle was in possession of Cromwell and his partizans, the statue indignantly disappeared, but resumed its station after the return of the Talbot family. It is fortunate that some friend of the family removed it at that time beyond the reach of the fanatics. The entire wainscoting is highly varnished, and has acquired a sombre, but striking effect, from a blackness of tint which causes the apartment to appear like a vast cabinet of ebony.

The suite of principal rooms comprises several lofty and handsome apartments, in which, among other embellishments, are some very costly specimens of porcelain; but the most estimable ornaments consist of a collection of portraits and other paintings, which comprises several that are worthy of an attentive examination.

Among these stands unrivalled in attraction, an altar-piece by Albert Durer, divided into three compartments—representing the nativity, adoration, and circumcision.—This picture was purchased by King Charles the Second

for two thousand pounds, and given by him to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who presented it to the grandmother of Colonel Talbot.

The distinguished line of the house of Talbot, long settled at Malahide, is said to be descended from the eldest branch of the family; and with the Talbots of Yorkshire, derives from Sir Geoffrey, who was governor of Hereford for the Empress Maud, in opposition to King Stephen.—St. Lawrence of Howth, and Talbot of Malahide, are the only families in the county of Dublin, who retain the possessions of their ancestors, acquired at the English invasion.

Among the memorable circumstances connected with the annals of this castle, may be mentioned a lamentable instance of the ferocity with which party rivalry was conducted, in ages during which the internal polity of Ireland was injuriously neglected by the supreme head of the government. On Whitsun-eve, in the year 1329, John de Birmingham, Earl of Louth, Richard Talbot, styled Lord Malahide, and many of their kindred, together with sixty of their English followers, were slain in a pitched battle at Balbriggan, by the Anglo-Norman faction of the de Verdons, de Gernous, and Savages: the cause of animosity being the election of the earl to the palatine dignity of Louth, the county of the latter party.

It is believed that Oliver Cromwell took up his abode a short time at Malahide; and it is known that Mylo Corbet, the regicide, resided here for several years; and from this port, when outlawed at the restoration, Corbet took shipping for the Continent. The subsequent expiation of his errors by a degrading death is well known; and shortly after his flight from Malahide, the Talbot family regained possession of their estate.

Malahide is a lordship or manor, having courts *leet* and *baron*; and has belonged in fee to the Talbot family from a period very closely approaching to the Anglo-Norman invasion in the time of Henry the Second. R. A.

#### THE RESURRECTIONS OF BARNEY BRADLEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."

*Abridged from the Dublin University Magazine for February.*

It affords us sincere gratification to find that a task has at length been accomplished, which, until an actual demonstration had been afforded us, we are free to admit we considered impossible, namely, at the present day to establish a respectable literary periodical in Ireland; so many efforts to effect the desirable object had failed, and this even where the interests of the trade were concerned, and where able writers had been engaged, that we had looked upon any attempt of the kind as "a forlorn hope." We have referred to this subject in a foregoing column, and would now merely observe that it reflects no little credit on the editor and the spirited publishers of "The Dublin University Magazine," that they have been able, in the face of so many obstacles and hindrances, as we know from experience, must have barred their way, to establish their periodical on such a firm footing as to give the fullest assurance of its ultimate permanency. We speak not of its party or its politics, but of its literary excellence; and in this point of view have no hesitation in pronouncing it highly creditable to Ireland, and far superior in interest and information to two thirds of the periodicals of a similar description in England and Scotland. The story which we have abridged for our present number, is from the pen of the talented author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry;"\* and though we esteem it inferior to the great proportion of his other writings, still we can by no means agree with those who consider it altogether unworthy of Mr. Carleton's pen. There is a fault in nearly all of his productions—a waste of words in description—and in many instances overdoing the work by making too much

of a trivial incident. These faults are very perceptible in the story before us, and we think it will be allowed to be much improved by the pruning we have given it in copying.

There are few villages in Ireland that do not contain such a character as Barney Bradley, and every one of them is famous for anecdote or story telling. Barney, though no barber either by education or profession, carried such a smooth hand at the razor, that his house was crowded every Sunday morning with his village friends, from whose faces he reaped with the greatest dexterity their week's crop of beard. Within the bounds of his own parish he was a well known man; and in his own village the best authority under the sun upon any given subject. His cabin stood in the very centre of the hamlet, a perfect pattern of houses inhabited by men who hate work, and scorn comfort. When you came close to the house, you might hear the peals of laughter ringing from within, and among all the voices Barney's was by far the most audible; for be it known to you that he always laughed longest and loudest at his own jokes. Barney never loved what is termed spade-work, nor agricultural labour of any kind; but devoted himself on the contrary to the lighter employments of life.

Barney not only shaved his neighbours gratuitously, but bled them also, whenever they required it, or rather whenever he himself thought it necessary. He was, in fact, a perfect Sangrado, with this difference, that he recommended burnt whiskey instead of water. It were to be wished, indeed, that every medical man, now a-days, would imitate him, and take his own prescription as Barney did; for then a patient could put confidence in his doctor. Barney charged half a crown per head for bleeding; and let it be mentioned to his credit, that his parish was the best bled parish in Europe. He had a three-fold system of treating every possible complaint under heaven; he bled, as we have said, administered glauher salts upon a fearful scale, and then prescribed burnt whiskey. To be sure, he frequently inverted the order of his recipes.—Sometimes, for instance, he bled and medicined them first, and afterwards administered the whiskey; and sometimes, on the contrary, he administered the whiskey, and then bled and medicined them. It mattered not what the complaint was, Barney scorned to alter his treatment, except as to the order in which he applied it, or to give up one atom of his judgment touching the virtue of his tripartite theory, which was, in the mean time, dreadfully practical to his patients.

Still Barney was a great favourite with the whole parish. If he fought with a man to-day, he treated him to-morrow, which was surely a proof that his heart retained no malice. If he drank too much to-day, why he atoned for that by drinking as soon as possible after he had got sober, to show that he entertained no spite against the whiskey.

relative to an individual in London, whose brain (as it appeared from a coroner's jury) had been so turned as to cause his death, in consequence of his being elected to some post of honor in the Trades' Political Union, we should have felt disposed to copy a page from a letter of a celebrated writer in the Magazine, relative to the superiority of the description given by the author of "Traits and Stories," over every other writer of Irish life. We believe we were the first to express our opinion of his story of "Tubber Derg," when it appeared as the "Landlord and Tenant." We pronounced it decidedly the most effective and affecting story Mr. Carleton had ever written, and we are glad to find our opinion borne out by public opinion generally, and more especially by the able writer in the letters to which we allude. Having said so much, it is but fair to give an extract from the article referred to.

"In the power to sound every note in the character of his countrymen, in accurate knowledge of their condition, in the boldness and industry with which he appears to have explored the more remote and hidden causes of their miseries and crimes, in the singular tact and discrimination with which he has threaded the perilous mazes of party and faction, and the clearness and force with which he exhibits the result of these anxious and important inquiries, Carleton's 'Traits and Stories' seem to me unrivalled and unapproached."

\* We are always disposed to give "the Devil his due," and but for an unlucky paragraph which we had just noticed,